

Jon Faustman

Person, Place, Song

The first time I heard “I Melt With You” by Modern English, Melissa and I had just started kissing. With her soft lips pressed up against mine all I could think was that it was definitely a good day. It was the last day of sixth grade, and we were at a Grant’s party celebrating our first successful year of junior high school. All the cool kids were there; it was the place to be. Grant’s parents thought it was a nice gesture to celebrate the beginning of summer, little did they know it was just an excuse to have a make-out party.

It seemed like the perfect make-out song, but then again any song was the perfect make-out song for a group of hormonal 13-year-olds. Apparently the song was old, but it was definitely new to me. The song was released the year before I was born, but I still had never heard it in my lifetime. Grant was playing one of his mixed tapes aptly named “make-out songs.” – I don’t know where he heard about this song, but I really didn’t care. All I did care about was making out with my girlfriend, or rather soon to be ex-girlfriend.

We had only been dating for a few weeks, but that seemed like an eternity to a sixth grader. Changing girlfriends became like changing your clothes, you just did it every so often. Of course, I changed my clothes a little more frequently than that, how could you possibly get the ladies with dirty, smelly clothes? Girlfriends were less like relationships to my friends and me; they were more like a pawn in our game. Whoever had the hottest girlfriend at the time was the winner, and by dating Melissa that just so happened to be me.

I don’t really know how we got girls back then, it was just natural to talk to them. A skill I seem to have lost over the years. Perhaps the girls were playing a game just like we were. I’m sure they were just as competitive as my friends were. Despite the game playing, Melissa seemed to be an elusive catch. She only dated a few guys from our school; we always

had a theory she dated high school guys, but rumor had less truth than most. She must have just been a picky girl. We started dating by chance. Both of us had just won our respective student elections the week before – I was elected the school's treasurer, and she was the new secretary. We spent several afternoons together; it was rather hard to get a good campaign going, even for junior high students. All of the sixth graders running for office stuck together – it was our mission to beat out all of the seventh graders. It just seemed like a good goal for us. We would rule the school.

Melissa and I seemed to stand out from the rest of group. I don't know why we did, or if we even did, that's just the way it felt. We were, in fact, the only two sixth graders who won their elections that year. It just seemed natural to start dating after that.

Melissa wasn't the first girl that I ever kissed, but she is definitely one of the most memorable girls. I can still picture her almond colored hair and hazel eyes, as if we were making-out yesterday. It wasn't yesterday; it was more like eight years ago. To a 21-year-old, eight years is an eternity; much like a couple of weeks is an eternity to a sixth grader.

That was the last night was the last time that Melissa and I ever kissed. We broke up a few days later. There is nothing worse than being a 13 and having a girlfriend during the summer. I was much more concerned with baseball and swimming, I wasn't concerned about trying to keep a relationship. Every time I hear "I Melt With You" I always think about Melissa. It's hard to get through some 80's movies without having a flashback.